





# THE EXAMINER.

J. C. COVIL,  
JOHN H. HEYWOOD,  
NOBLE BUTLER,  
J. C. VAUGHAN, Corresponding Editor.

LOUISVILLE, SEPT. 30, 1848.

We send, occasionally, a number of the EXAMINER to persons who are not subscribers, in the hope, that by a perusal of it, they may be induced to subscribe.

It is scarcely necessary for us to repeat that in publishing communications, we do not necessarily adopt or endorse the views contained in them. Our paper is open to well-written and courteous articles on all proper subjects, whether they agree with or differ from the opinions entertained by ourselves. We wish our readers to bear this in mind, especially in reference to the plans of emancipation, which may from time to time appear in our columns.

**The Prisoner's Friend.**  
This interesting and useful magazine deserves a wide circulation. We bid God speed to works of this kind, which aim to carry the benign spirit of Christianity into all social relations, and to realize the great end proposed by the Saviour, of seeking and saving the lost.

We have often been grieved, as well as pained, by the utter indifference manifested by professed Christians towards criminals. How any one can read the pages of the New Testament and discern the Saviour's spirit as there revealed, and not have his mind aroused to a perception of the duty devolved upon him, to use every means for the restoration of these unfortunate fellow-beings, is to us a matter of profound astonishment. We have no sympathy with that foolish sensibility, which causes one to see in the inmates of our prisons only misfortune and not vice; but seeing and deploring the vice, the actual wickedness, which has filled our prisons, we feel all the more pity for the wretched victims, (for surely vice is the most deplorable thing in creation,) and the more urgent necessity for earnest, faithful, unflinching exertions in their behalf.

Society owes a debt of gratitude, which no words can measure, to men like Mr. Spear, editor of the Prisoner's Friend, on whom the mantle of John Howard has fallen, and who, in his labors of love, are not merely complying with the demands of Christianity, but are doing much to reform and elevate society in all its relations.

**The National Era.**  
In the last number of the National Era, our friend, Dr. Bailey takes exception to our article in which we declared to aid in the formation of a Van Buren electoral ticket in Kentucky. Our reasons failed to satisfy him, for he thinks that such a ticket instead of proving disadvantageous to the great cause of emancipation in the State would promote it.

We have the highest respect for the opinions of the editor of the Era. We have read attentively all that he has to say in opposition to our position, and still think our course the best we can pursue. He admits he may not be able to appreciate all the circumstances that had weight with us in the formation of our opinions; and we feel very certain that, if he were here, his judgment would soon be convinced of the propriety of the neutrality we have decided to observe in relation to the different presidential candidates. As citizens we have our preferences, and, when the day of election arrives, we intend to give our votes in accordance with those preferences, while as Editors of the Examiner, we shall never advocate nor oppose the claims of Mr. Van Buren, Gen. Cass, or Gen. Taylor.

Since we felt called on, in view of considerations connected with the approaching convention, to say that we could not participate in the formation of a Free Soil Ticket, we have had the satisfaction of receiving assurances from many of the most judicious friends of emancipation, that our course is laudable and generally approved by them. All the reflection we have given to the subject confirms the opinion we then advanced, namely, that we can better promote the cause of emancipation in Kentucky by observing a strict neutrality toward the different presidential candidates, than by devoting our columns to the advocacy of either of them.

**Prospect—Missouri and Texas.**  
We commend to the careful attention of our readers the following article. The facts, which it presents, are extremely interesting, both in themselves, and because of the influence which they have already exerted in many minds, in producing the conviction that slavery is doomed to certain and speedy death. When public journals in a slave State, and journals not identified with the anti-slavery cause, express, without qualification or reserve, the opinion that the solemn decree has gone forth and that the days of the famous institution, which once seemed to bear a charmed life, are numbered, we may rest assured that a mighty change has been effected in the public mind, and may indulge in confident, sanguine expectation of the speedy triumph of freedom.

**Slavery in Missouri.**  
The St. Louis Daily Express expresses the opinion that slavery will, in twenty-five years, cease to exist in the State of Missouri, and that, too, without any agency of legislation, or convulsions of the people, but in the natural progress of events. Among the chief elements in producing this desirable result, are the large influx of German population, now amounting to nearly 100,000, very few of whom employ slave labor, and who are almost universally opposed to the system; and the great increase of anti-slavery feeling in the free States bordering on Missouri, occasioning great numbers of slaves to run away from their owners, and thus rendering that kind of property very insecure. The soil of Missouri is also not adapted for the profitable employment of slave labor. By the following table it will be seen that slavery has reached its highest level in that State, and that the proportion of slave population to the free is already diminishing.

Free population.	Slaves.	Proportion of slaves to free population.
1810 17,854	3,011	100 to 600
1820 56,361	10,222	100 to 550
1830 115,364	25,081	100 to 460
1840 325,462	58,240	100 to 560
1845 512,000	70,000	100 to 730

From 1810 to 1820 the increase of the slave population was 17 per cent. greater than that of the free; from 1820 to 1830 it was 41 per cent. greater; from 1830 to 1840 it was 49 per cent. less; and from 1840 to 1845 it was 37 per cent. less.—*Chr. Adv. & Jour.*

Such are the facts in regard to slavery in Missouri, the most northern of the slave States.

And what is the case in Texas, which forms the frontier in the extreme South?

The fact, that slavery is made perpetual by her constitution (what strange infatuation, to have thus planted Asia's usurpation upon our glorious Western forests!) would seem to indicate an altogether different prospect, from that which gladdens the eyes of the friends of freedom in Missouri. But constitutions are not infallible. Even they, with all their solemnity of utterance, may sometimes make mistakes, if they do not positively lie; and we are strongly inclined to believe that the constitution of Texas has made a very great mistake, a mistake as great as to prevent it from presenting any indication of the future condition of that State.

We believe that Texas, as well as Missouri, will ere long become a free State, and from the operation of the same causes, the insecurity of slave property, and the rapid immigration of free laborers.

On the northern and western border the insecurity of slave property in Texas must be as great as in Missouri. In truth, greater we should suppose, because in Mexico, not only is

negro-slavery prohibited, but, on account of the mixed character of the population, there is less aversion to the negro, than in the free States which border on Missouri. And, in regard to the second cause, immigration, we know that Texas is rapidly filling with settlers, who from early associations and principles, as well as from habits of life, are utterly opposed to slavery. They are men from Germany and other portions of Europe, not in destitution, but possessed of small means; men accustomed to thrift and industry, who, having always labored themselves, regard labor as honorable, and who abhor slavery alike for its wastefulness and for the dishonor which it brings upon labor and the laborer. When interest and habit thus combine with pride and personal feeling, produce aversion to a system, that aversion must be bitter and irremovable. That this sentiment of aversion prevails almost universally among the respectable German farmers and mechanics who settle in this country, we presume no one can doubt, nor with the prevalence of this sentiment, can there be any doubt as to the nature of the influence which eventually this portion of our population will exert upon the cause of freedom. To freedom it stands pledged, not by political ties nor party promises, but by the immutable laws of its very being.

We are the more confirmed in our opinion, that Texas and Missouri hold the same or at least similar positions in relation to slavery, by the course of action upon the Oregon Bill of the two Senators, who are regarded as the genuine representatives of their respective States, Benton and Houston. It is remarkable that the two men pursued the same course in relation to this important matter and that consequence separated them from the whole band of Southern Senators. Thus may have been a mere coincidence, but surely, if so, it was a striking coincidence, not the result of accident at all, but the effect of similar causes in both the States which the gentlemen represent. They are far-sighted, sagacious men; men, acquainted with the under-currents of thought and feeling, as well as with expressed opinion. They are men, too, doubtless, of more or less ambition, or, at least, possessed of sufficient regard for popularity to prevent them from unnecessarily alienating the good feelings of their constituents. The action of such men upon a question of vast importance, and at a time when the mind of the whole Union was intensely interested in it, could not have been careless or ill considered. They acted from deliberation, and we doubt not that, in adopting the course which they did, they fully believed that they reflected, if not the expressed, the real sentiments of a majority of their constituents.

If the opinion, which we have advanced that Texas and Missouri will, in a few years, rid themselves of the thralldom of slavery, be well founded, it certainly is worthy of being thoroughly considered, both by pro-slavery and anti-slavery men. It may serve to prevent some of the former class from committing themselves in violent opposition to a cause, which is destined to triumph, the cause of liberty and justice, in whose support God and man are enlisted, the cause of principle and policy, of everlasting right and enlightened interest.

For anti-slavery men the views advanced are full of encouragement. We would especially commend them to intelligent men, who are seeking homes for themselves and their families in the West, and who, but for the presence of slavery, would gladly establish themselves in one or the other of those States; which, in climate, soil, and all natural advantages, offer unequalled inducements for immigration. Let these men be but convinced that slavery will soon cease to exist in those States, and they will not only have reason to believe that their children will not be obliged to breathe the infected atmosphere of slavery, but will gladly avail themselves of the privileges offered. Hundreds and thousands of individuals will soon be added to the number of citizens, both of Missouri and Texas, sterling, enterprising men, whose intelligence and industry will add immeasurable wealth to the States of their adoption, and whose influence will hasten the day of universal emancipation.

**Funeral Expenses.**  
We quote some judicious remarks on this subject from the Presbyterian Herald. The expenses of funerals has become so great an evil that a remedy is loudly called for. We have seen persons harassed for weeks after the death of members of their families by the demands for money to pay the funeral expenses. While the head is still bowed down in sorrow, and the tear is still upon the cheek, the bereaved one is obliged to make exertions to pay debts contracted by the display of the funeral. The widow whose former means of support have been removed, has, in addition to the fee of the physician, to pay the much more burdensome fee of fashion. She must dress herself in "mourning goods" to imitate those who "bear about the noisiness of woe."

This whole thing is wrong, and calls for action on the part of the benevolent members of society. Let the wealthy refuse to hire hacks, and display expensive coaches. Let the ministers of the different churches preach on the subject, and they will find themselves effecting a change.

A circumstance related to us by a gentleman of this city shows to what extent this passion for funeral display is carried. A little colored baby died, and the management of the funeral was committed to an old and trusty family servant. The bill was sent to the master, who had to pay about thirty dollars. He asked the old servant why he had gone to so high a price which must be paid. Expenses further arose from what have come to be the exorbitant charges for carriage hire, burial services, etc. The provision of a large number of carriages for almost any one who may choose to ride, the writer looks upon as useless, and worthy of being discontinued.

We know of a clergyman who was laboring in a new section of a city to build up a new church, whose salary was not probably more than three hundred dollars, who was presented with a bill of fifty dollars immediately after the burial of one of his family. The good brethren have kindly attended to the arrangements of the funeral, and among other things spoken for a respectable train of carriages without consulting him at all.

A few weeks since, as we were walking with a stranger to the grave of our mutual friend, he stopped to notice the process of a funeral, and exclaimed in a tone of sadness, "A poor man cannot afford to die in Cincinnati." The fact has given rise to many a serious reflection on the subject of this article. A

poor man cannot afford to die in Cincinnati? And why? Because the expense of a respectable burial will cost his family more than they can afford—perhaps more than they can raise without the sacrifice of all they have. The writer recognizes a ready remedy for much of the needless and oppressive expenditure which he describes, and insists on the necessity of example in this every other reform.

There must be, he says, a change, and good men must do the work of reformation. No matter what others may say, it must be done. Let Christians, respectable citizens, who may be abundantly able to follow the fashion, even in a funeral display, see that in their families, when the angel of death has visited them, there be little stir and bustle. Let everything be so ordered and arranged that a deep serious impression shall fall upon all who come in. Let the laying out and the coffin be plain and economical; and let the number of carriages be few, sufficient only to carry the immediate connections and those unable to walk. Let Christians always refuse to ride in a funeral procession unless the weather or the distance, or their own health, make it improper to walk, and let private carriages be employed as much as possible. If the burial is out of the city, let the friends only attend a procession on foot might properly accompany to the outskirts of the city.

The foregoing suggestions must commend themselves to the reason that they are need not be carried to an extreme, but that a reform is demanded, no one at all observant of the present system of conducting funerals, can doubt.

**Emancipation.**  
From different parts of the State we receive letters that give us encouragement in our labors. Emancipation principles are making steady progress. We are continually hearing of one, and another influential man, becoming interested in this great subject. When the bill for taking a vote on the subject of calling a Convention passed the legislature, it was declared that the slave question was to be altogether ignored, that nothing was to be said about the matter. Now this subject is beginning to overshadow all others. Men are beginning to speak of this as the question; the holding of offices for life is beginning to be considered a comparatively unimportant thing. It was said that very few of those who voted in favor of calling a Convention had in their thoughts when giving their votes. We believe that thousands who said nothing on the subject, supposed they were voting against slavery when casting for a Convention, though they were secretly willing to concede it even to themselves. It would be very strange that a subject on which scarcely any one spent a thought should suddenly take possession of the thoughts of every one.

It is now a "fixed fact," that this is to be the great subject for some time will occupy the public mind. Now the friends and the enemies of slavery now see it. Though we have ardent hopes, it is impossible to foretell the result. Our State may be freed from the curse, and blessed by the labors of industrious and happy freemen, or the system may be more firmly fastened upon us, withering every element of future prosperity. It becomes the friends of freedom to stir the friends of slavery to their feet. They are beginning to break the ties that bound them to their political parties, and unite upon this as the most important question before the people. If they consider slavery a great blessing, their course is right—they ought to exert themselves in its favor. But those who believe that slavery is one of the greatest of curses should not be idle. Let them not say that the time for discussion has not yet come. It has come—it is here. It is not in the power of man to postpone it. Men are preparing to discuss it fully; and after the Presidential election, the whole country will be talking of scarcely anything else.

In the morning Courier, of this city, the following remarks appeared in a letter from "Benjamin," the Frankfort correspondent of that paper. The editor of the Courier referred to the letter, and avowed his determination to discuss the subject. He afterwards re-published the remarks, which we copy from the Georgetown Herald:

"Now, that the election is over, and it has become a 'fixed fact,' that we are to have a convention to form a new constitution, the change in the present constitution is a subject of very frequent discussion on the streets, in bar rooms, and other places where people congregate to kill or to half hour of leisure time. The gradual emancipation of slaves seems to be the all-satisfying question; from all I can learn from persons who live in different portions of the State, that will be the great question next summer in the election of members of the convention. During the past and previous winters, the friends of the convention, assembled here, issued a proclamation that the slavery question should not enter into the canvass, nor be considered as one of the reforms they desired to bring about. The people, however, will not be controlled or humiliated by the articles of faith promulgated in the document referred to. I think the slavery question will be the only exciting question in the convention. Those in favor of gradual emancipation will not argue that the present generation of slaves are to be made free, but that all men after some period to be fixed, say 1855 or 1860, should be free at the age of 25 years. Now, when it is recollected that slaves are regarded as very valuable property, and that many of them are over a hundred miles back, and that four-fifths of the voters of Kentucky are non-slaveholders, the presumption may be indulged, by those in favor of gradual emancipation, that a majority of the members of the convention will be in favor of their peculiar notions. The great body of foreigners who support themselves by daily labor may be counted in opposition to slavery, and in favor of gradual emancipation."

The Hon. William J. Graves died in this city on Wednesday morning, the 24th inst., at 6 o'clock, after a long and very painful illness. Mr. Graves has left a wife and children to deplore his loss. Most widely known as a politician, he was distinguished in private life for the virtues which characterize home, and for the possession of all those many traits of character, which command the respect of society.

The Circuit and Criminal Courts met and immediately adjourned on Wednesday morning, as a token of respect to the deceased.

**The Cincinnati Convention.**  
Incorporated by the last Legislature of Indiana, capital \$500,000, has, as we learn, been fully organized by the election of William Richardson President, Alfred Thwaites Treasurer, and Charles W. Short, Lewis Ruffner, William F. Pettit, P. Chamberlin, T. C. Coleman, Jas. C. Ford, Judge Morgan, of La., and Col. W. M. Lane, of Bedford, La., Directors.

From the high character of these gentlemen, we have a satisfactory guaranty of the success of this new and important enterprise.

The first mill will, as is supposed, be in full operation early next fall, and contain 10,000 spindles, and make coarse brown sheetings.

This mill, although in another State, and 120 miles below us, is essentially a Louisville mill—most of the proprietors reside here, its whole management will be here, and all the sales will here be made.

We rejoice to see that a few leading and wealthy gentlemen of the South are interested in this, and we venture to predict that they and their southern friends through them, will soon be practically convinced that there is more profit in manufacturing cotton by free labor than in producing it by slave labor.

**New Steam Furnace Factory.**  
We visited a few days ago the new steam furnace factory of Messrs. J. M. and A. J. Lincoln, corner of Main and fourteenth streets, and were gratified to observe that it was already doing a brisk business. Every enterprise of this kind among us should be supported and cheered on, for it, necessarily, causes thousands of dollars to be spent annually at home, that would otherwise pass from us.

We rejoice at the growing interest taken by our citizens in home manufactures, and trust that the impulse now being felt will grow, and its beneficial effects multiply and continue to be seen in the increased prosperity of our city.

## Stats and Miscellaneous for the consideration of the thoughtful.—No. XIII.

Patents issued to the right free and the nine new slave States, compared: Remarks. Patents issued to Ohio and to Kentucky compared: Remarks. Patents issued to New York compared with those issued to the whole free States: Remarks. Reflections and suggestions.—Cato turned Philosopher.—Cato turned Prophet.—The wisdom of certain Southern Statesmen regarded as doubtful.

Total population of the seven free States as appears from the United States census for 1840 5,967,311  
Total pop. of the six slave States, 3,826,323  
Difference in favor of free States, 2,141,018

Total number of persons employed in agriculture in the six slave States, 1,029,478  
And now for the facts in the case:

Total number of persons employed in agriculture in the seven free States 959,546  
Difference in favor of the slave States 69,932  
Hence it appears that though the population of the slave States is not quite two thirds as large as that of the free States, yet there are 69,932 more persons engaged in agricultural pursuits in the former than in the latter. There is no doubt of the fact then, that the people of the slave States are emphatically an agricultural people.

Now this being the state of the case, where do we naturally look for the highest degree of improvement and perfection in the agricultural processes, if it be not among these devoted tillers of the ground?

Surely, men who are so entirely devoted to one pursuit, who are so free from all the cares and excitements attendant upon commercial adventures, so untroubled by mechanical labors, and whose whole attention is concentrated upon that one object, that dignified and honorable toil of carrying their art and the processes thereof to the highest possible degree of perfection will not be slow to improve, as far as possible, with the labor of human bone and muscle, and to summon to their aid the powers and agencies of nature, the theories of science, and the inventions of genius.

And now for the facts in the case:  
CLASS No. 1.—Agriculture, including instruments and operations.—Number of Patents issued to the seven free States, 1,184  
Number of Patents issued to the six slave States, 309

Difference in favor of free States, 875

Mark the result, ye sapient defenders of the "peculiar institution!"  
Now, a common, unsophisticated man would regard this result as showing, pretty conclusively, that slavery is not favorable to the improvement of the agricultural art. But we have seen too many of the ingenious and inventive gentlemen with whom we are reasoning, to suppose that they will be at a loss for a moment, for ways and means to explain the result at which we have arrived, without once calling in question the correctness of their views, or the profundity of their wisdom.

For example, it will be said, that it requires machinery to make many of the class of inventions and discoveries under consideration, and inasmuch as these are but few mechanics in the slave States, we cannot be expected to compete successfully with the free States in this class of improvements. Be it so, and how large a number, it may please you, that we have so few mechanics among us? "We pause for a reply."

Again, it will doubtless be urged that not more than one in five of the inventions patented at Washington, proves to be of any value. Be it so, and what then? One fifth of 1,184, the number of patents taken out in the free States, is 236, and one fifth of 309, the number issued to the slave States, is 61. This gives us 236 valuable inventions for the free States, to 61, in the slave States.

But says one of these profoundly wise men, "I have no faith in these modern improvements of which we hear so much." My dear sir, I take it that your view of reverence for the antique is largely developed, that your eyes are deeply affected in view of the great degeneracy of the times; that you are an admirer of ball ploughs, that, should important business call you to the eastern cities, you would perform your journey, on horseback; and were you about to visit the Crescent City with your wife and daughters, you would certainly embark on a flatboat.

But it is time we were proceeding with the statement of the facts which we have proposed to lay before the reader.

Since the adoption of the Federal Constitution by the thirteen original States, there have been seventeen new States received into the Union. Of these seventeen States, eight are free, and nine are slave States. The territory of the latter is also much larger than that of the former. The following table will give the reader some idea of the comparative progress that these two classes of States have made in improving and perfecting the useful arts.

A comparison of the number of the different classes of Patents for Inventions and Discoveries, issued to the eight free States, to-wit: Maine, Vermont, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa, with those issued to the nine slave States, to-wit: Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri and Texas, from the year 1790 to 1847.

Ark., Missouri and Texas, from the year 1840 to 1847.		Number of Patents in all the Free States.	Number of Patents in all the Slave States.	Number of Patents in all the Free States.
No. 1.		347	77	270
" 2		93	12	81
" 3		123	70	53
" 4		173	41	32
" 5		121	120	1
" 6		50	29	21
" 7		33	14	19
" 8		21	10	11
" 9		38	24	14
" 10		42	3	39
" 11		121	41	80
" 12		80	29	51
" 13		112	37	75
" 14		146	17	129
" 15		63	3	60
" 16		65	17	48
" 17		90	25	65
" 18		19	4	15
" 19		25	6	19
" 20		29	1	28
" 21		13	3	10
" 22		8	3	5



Colon has been reduced to a condition of almost total dependence upon the other third, for a large share of the necessities, many of the comforts, and nearly all the conveniences of life.

Now if there be any uniformity in the course of nature, if there be any fixedness in the principles which control the spontaneous action of large masses of men under given circumstances, this condition of dependence will continue to exist so long as slavery prevails among us. Let others do as they may, our high call shall be to grow cotton and rice, cultivate the sugar and tobacco, make good butter and h-







## "How beautiful is Day."

BY JAMES GEORGE GRANT.

How beautiful is Day,  
O'er the laughing earth and sea,  
When it starts its happy day,  
And I awake to fly to thee:  
When the cold dawn-dim, dim and cold,  
Change to purple and to gold,  
And a rapture all around  
Lights the path for love and morn;  
When I see its radiant play  
O'er thy gentle and low brow—  
Oh, how beautiful is Day!  
And how beautiful art thou!

How beautiful is Noon,  
When I meet life in the shade  
Of the leafy woods of June,  
Like a spirit of the glade:  
When the winds breathe soft and low,  
To the looker's stilly brow,  
And all nature seems to know  
Thou art listening, dearest maid:  
When I hear the murmured tone  
Of thy sweet voice, sweet as now—  
Oh, how beautiful is Day!  
And how beautiful art thou!

How beautiful is Even,  
When the golden sunbeams depart  
Slow away, as leath to leave  
Ought so lovely as thou art:  
When the dew begins to weep,  
And the first pale star to creep,  
Like an angel sent to keep  
Vigils o'er thee when we part:  
When the twilight seems to grieve,  
As it dies upon thy brow—  
Oh, how beautiful is Day!  
And how beautiful art thou!

## Character of Hampeiden.

Mr. Hampeiden was a man of much greater cunning, and it may be, of the most discerning spirit, and of the greatest address and insinuation to bring anything to pass which he desired, of any man of that time, and who laid the design deepest. He was a gentleman of a good extraction, and a fair fortune; who, from a life of great pleasure and license, had, on a sudden, retired to extraordinary sobriety and strictness, and yet retained his usual cheerfulness and affability; which, together with the opinion of his wisdom and justice, and the courage he had showed in opposing the ship money, raised his reputation to a very great height, not only in Buckinghamshire, where he lived, but generally throughout the kingdom. He was not a man of many words, and rarely began the discourse, or made the first entrance upon any business that was assumed; but a very faithful speaker, and after he had heard a full debate, and observed how the house was like to be inclined, took up the argument, and shortly, and clearly, and carefully stated it, that he commonly conducted it to the conclusion he desired; and if he found he could not do that, he was never without the dexterity to divert the debate to another time, and to prevent the determining anything in the negative, which might prove inconvenient in the future. He made so great a show of civility, and modesty, and humility, and always of mistaking his own judgment, and esteeming his with whom he conferred for the present, that he seemed to have no opinions or resolutions but of others, whom he had a wonderful art of governing, and leading into his principles and inclinations, while they believed that he wholly depended upon their counsel and advice. No man had ever a greater power over himself, or was less the man that he seemed to be; which shortly after appeared to all, when he cared less to keep on the mask.—*Clarendon.*

## About the Poets.

Was the man, who, of all modern and ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes anything, you more than see it—you feel it, too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwardly, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike: were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of the poets.

## Quantum potent inter vibram expressi.

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales, of Eton, say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age where he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem. And in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set out Shakespeare far above him.—*Dryden.*

## Church bells.

There's something beautiful in the church bells. Beautiful and hopeful! They talk to high and low, rich and poor, in the same voice; there's sound in them that should raise pride and envy, and meanness of all sorts, from the heart of man; that should make him look on the world with kind forgiving eyes; that should make the earth itself seem to him, at least for a time, a holy place. Yes, there is a whole sermon in the very sound of the church bells, if we have only the ears rightly to understand it.—There is a preacher in every bell, that cries, "Poor, weary, struggling, fighting creatures—poor human beings! take rest, be quiet. Forget your vanities, your follies, your week-day craft, your heart-burnings! And you, ye human vessels, gilt and painted, believe in the iron tongue that tells ye that for all your gilding, all your colors, ye are the same Adam's earth with the beggar at your gates. Come away, come, cries the church bell, and learn to be humble; learn, that, however daubed and stained, and stuck about with jewels, you are but grave clay! Come, Dives, come, and be taught that all your glory, as you wear it, is not half so beautiful in the eye of Heaven, as the sores of uncomplaining Lazarus! And ye, poor creatures, livid and faint—sainted and crushed—by the pride and hardness of the world—come, come, cries the bell with the voice of an angel—come and learn what is laid up for ye. And learning, take heart, and walk amongst the wickedness, the cruelties of the world, calmly, as Daniel walked among the lions."—*Douglas Jerrold.*

## The Model Mother-in-Law.

The MODEL MOTHER-IN-LAW is a tender creature, and requires the nicest care and the hottest luncheon to keep her in good temper. She has only one child, a daughter, but she is passionately fond of her. She "only lives to see her dear child happy," and everybody else miserable. To insure this, it is necessary to be constantly with her. Accordingly, she "brings her things" some day, before dinner, and takes possession of the best bed-room, only to stop for a week. Her weeks, however, never have a Saturday. She has no knowledge of time, as measured by the week, month, or year, but is sadly put out if supper is not brought up precisely to the minute. But Julia always required a mother's care; she was very delicate, even as a child, and the little thing is far from strong now. She has never left her side for two days together since the hour she was born. Her daughter must not walk—"Do you hear me, Julia? I will not allow it; the exertion is too much for you, and cabs are cheap enough, goodness knows! You must not exert yourself, child; so give me the keys, and I will attend to the housekeeping for you."

The shopping is attended to from the same generous motive. The tradesmen soon took up to the Mother-in-Law as the mistress of the house, and it is not long before the servants are made to acknowledge her sway, and come to her regularly for orders. The husband is nobody—a creature to give money as it is wanted, and to hold his tongue. If he ventures to remonstrate, he is "killing" her daughter; and as a mother, she is not going to allow the murder of her darling child before her own eyes and not tell him what she thinks about it! He is reminded every day that "the little knave" she treasures her possesses in that dear creature, and if he hints anything about the creature costing him rather dear for a "treasure," he is asked if he calls himself a man? If poor Julia has the headache, the husband is blamed for it. "It is all his doing—he knows it is. Didn't he speak harshly to her at breakfast?" If the dinner is badly cooked, he must not say a word, for the tears immediately flow, and the mother quickly upbraids him "as a wretch who ought to be ashamed of himself for speaking in that way to a suffering woman." If he refuses to go on the continent, "his motive is very clear; but let the crime be upon his own head! She would not have his feelings afterwards for a thousand pounds!" If he grumbles about any extravagant outlay, she is not going to allow her daughter to starve for the consideration of a penny. She tells him he is killing her; and if the new curtains are not instantly put up in the drawing-room, she will not answer for the consequences! She should like very much to know what he calls himself?

The MODEL MOTHER-IN-LAW in her kindliest mood is fearful, but she is most despot when there has been a settlement made upon her daughter. The domestic tyrant then rules with the iron rolling-pin of a female Nero. All the little attempts of the poor husband to maintain his rights are loudly anathematized as "base insinuations to secure her poor daughter's property. He wishes to drive Julia mad, but she sees through his mean devices!" Letters, too, are filled for secrets—pockets are ransacked for billets-doux, old servants dismissed, new ones hired, the dinner hour altered, the luncheon kept on the table all day, and the children brought home from school, just as Mrs. Spitfire pleases. The house is quite a family battle. No one dares move out or come in without her permission. The latch-key is surrendered, and the husband is quite under the Mother-in-Law's surveillance, and is only let out upon parole. "Woe to him if he returns home a minute late! He is asked through the key-hole, 'if he is not ashamed of himself?' and before he has wiped his feet on the door-mat, he is told, loud enough for all the servants to hear it, that 'Julia is determined not to endure his abominable profligacy any longer—the poor thing is sinking into a premature grave, and she is resolved upon having a separate establishment.' The next morning the Mother-in-Law and her daughter leave with a hundred band-boxes, and the husband is left alone, without as much as the key of the tea-caddy to console himself with. But he is not allowed to enjoy his solitude long. A St. Swithin of letters from the mother, in the name of her injured daughter, keeps pouring in upon him, reproaching him with everything short of arson. He is visited at length by his dread enemy, even in person, and after an hydra-headed scene, made more terrible by the threat that "she will never leave him till she has brought him to a sense of the injuries he has inflicted upon that sainted creature," he is obliged to capitulate: he falls upon his knees before his wife, and begs to be forgiven. The Mother-in-Law stands by, like a stern Nemesis of the sex, and will not allow the poor culprit to rise before he has confessed over and over again how deeply he was in the wrong, and "what an infamous wretch he must have been ever to doubt such angelic goodness!"

The husband's children belong, properly speaking, to the MODEL MOTHER-IN-LAW. She superintends their education, dresses them, whips them, physics them, and does whatever she pleases with them. She begs "he'll not interfere in matters he cannot possibly understand." It is at the advent of a new baby, however, that her tyrannical power is the most absolute; the whole household then, from kitchen to garret, is under her thumb, and the centre of a large circle of Godfrey's, Gampa, Prigs and Dalbys, she administers elixirs and commands alternately, which no one dares disobey. The doctor even succumbs to her; and as for the poor husband, he sinks to the smallest point of virile insignificance. He rings the bell, no one answers it; he wanders about a miserable Peter Schlemihl in his own house, a husband who has lost even the shadow of authority. He asks for his dinner—not a soul knows anything about it. A bed is fitted up for him somewhere in a lumber room, at the top of the house. He asks to see his wife, but is met by the Mother-in-Law at the door, and questioned, if "the man really wishes to kill his innocent babe and wife?" He is "the man."

The MODEL MOTHER-IN-LAW is essentially a "strong-minded woman." She is always telling people "a bit of her mind." The husband gets a bit every day. All his relations, too, who dare "to put their noses into what does not concern them," are favored with "a bit"—a good large bit, also. Her "mind," like the bell of St. Sepulchre, is never told, unless it is the prelude to some dreadful execution. She dearly loves a quiet family.

The MODEL MOTHER-IN-LAW makes a principle of residing with her victims. When once in a house, she is as difficult to get out as the dry rot, and if allowed her own way, soon undermines everything, and brings the house "in no time" about every body's ears. She goes out of town with them every year. She should never forgive herself if anything happened when she was

away, and she was not near her dearest Julia to aid and comfort her. The husband's comfort is never considered. If he does succeed in driving her out of his house, his temptations are by no means at an end, for the chances are, that she takes a lodging in the same street, and lives just opposite to him. Then she assumes herself by running backwards and forwards all day, dropping into dinner or luncheon about six times a week, or else watching everything that takes place in his house from over the window blinds of her "first pair front." His only escape, then, is in establishing a Society for the Promotion of Emigration from England of all homeless Mothers-in-Law who have only one daughter. If this should be fruitless, his only hope is in procuring a law to annul all marriages where the husband cannot prove that he has married "a treasure of a daughter" who has a "jewel of a mother." If this remedy even should fail, he had better take a couple of Life Pills, for there is "no rest but the grave" for the husband who groans under a MODEL MOTHER-IN-LAW.

## A Vintner.

Hangs out his bush to show he has no good wine; for that, the proverb says, needs it not. He had rather sell bad wine than good, that stands him in more; for it makes men sooner drunk, and then they are the easier reckoned. By the knaveries he acts above-board, which every man sees, one may easily take a measure of those he does underground in his cellar, for he that will pick a man's pocket to his face, will not stick to use him worse in private, when he knows nothing of it. He does not only spoil and destroy his wines, but an ancient proverb, with brewing and racking, that says, "In vino veritas," he is no truth in his, but all false and sophisticated; for he can counterfeit wine as cunningly as Apelles did grapes, and cheat men with it, as he did birds. He is an Antichristian cheat; for Christ turned water into wine, and he turns wine into water. He scores all his reckonings upon two tables, made like those of the Ten Commandments, that he may be put in mind to break them as often as he possibly can; especially that of stealing and bearing false witness against his neighbor, when he draws him bad wine, and swears it is good, and that he can take more for the bottle than the wine will yield him by the pipe—a trick that a Jesuit taught him to cheat his own conscience with. When he is found to over-reckon notoriously, he has one common evasion for all, and that is, to say it was a mistake; by which he means that he thought they had not been sober enough to discover it; for if it had passed, there had been no error at all in the case.—*Samuel Butler.*

## Antiquity of Nursery Rhymes.

Many of these are centuries old. "A man of words and not of deeds," is found in MS. of the seventeenth century in the British Museum, differing, indeed, from the version now used, but still sufficiently similar to leave no question as to the identity. The following has been traced to the time of Henry VI., a singular doggerel, the joke of which consists in saying it so quickly that it cannot be told whether it is English or gibberish.

"In far far is,  
In oakme is,  
In mud eel is,  
In clay niole,  
Gout eat ivy,  
Mare eat oile."

"Multiplication is vexation," a painful reality to school-boys, was found a full four years ago, in MS. dated 1570; and the memorial lines "Thirty days hath September," occur in the Return from Parnassus, an old play printed in 1606. The old song of the "Carion Crow" set on an Oak," was discovered in MS., Sloane, 1489, of the time of Charles I., but under a different form:

"Hic loc, the carion crow,  
For I have shot something too low;  
I have quite missed my mark,  
And I did the poor owl to the dart;  
Wife, bring thee in a spoon,  
Or else the poor owl's heart will down."

"Sing a song of sixpence" is quoted by Beaumont and Fletcher. "Buz, goth the blue fly," which is printed in the nursery half-penny books, belongs to Ben Jonson's Masque of Oberon. "Tailor of Bicester," was originally sung in the game called "Leap Candle," mentioned by Aubrey; and the old ditty of "Three Blind Mice," is found in the curious music book entitled Deuterometria; or the second part of Musick's Melodie, 1606. And so on of others, fragments of old catches and popular songs being constantly traced in the apparently unmeaning rhymes of the nursery.—We have recently been at an auction sale, an old copy of the nursery rhyme of "Jack Horner," in its original state, not a mere fragment, but a long metrical history, entitled "The Pleasant History of Jack Horner," containing his witty tricks and pranks which he played from his youth to his ripener years; right pleasant and delightful for winter and summer's recreation," with four frightful woodcuts, not having, as far as we could see, any connection with the tale.

## A London Dinner in 1660.

My poor wife rose by five o'clock in the morning before day, and went to market and bought fowles and many other things for dinner, with which I was highly pleased, and the chine of beef was down also before six o'clock, and my own jacke; of which I was doubtful, do carry it very well, things being put in order and the cook come. By and by comes Dr. Clarke and his lady, his sister, and a she cozen, and Mr. Pearce and his wife, which all my guests. I had for them, after oysters, at first course, a nest of rabbits and lamb and a chine of beef. Next a dish of roasted fowle, cost me about 50s., and a tart, and then fruit and cheese. My dinner was noble and enough, I had my house mightily clean and neat; my room below with a fire in it; my dining room above, and my chamber being made a withdrawing chamber; and my wife's a good fire also.—I find my new table very proper, and will hold nine or ten people well, but eight with great room. At supper had a good sack posset and cold meat; and sent my guests away about ten o'clock at night, both them and myself highly pleased with our management of this day; and, indeed, their company was very fine, and Mrs. Clarke a witty fine lady, though a little conceited and proud. I believe this day's feast will cost me near 25.—*Pepys' Diary.*

## Oriental Legends.

"Every man," an Eastern legend says, "has two angels, one upon his right shoulder and one upon his left. When he does anything good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and sends it; because what is once well done, is done forever. When he does evil, the angel upon his left shoulder writes it down, but does not send it. He waits until midnight. If before that time, the man bows down his head and exclaims, 'Gracious Allah! I have sinned—forgive me!' the angel rubs it out, but if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel upon his right shoulder weeps.

## Godwin and Talfourd.

Mr. Godwin was thus a man of two beings, which held little discourse with each other—the daring inventor of theories constructed of air-drawn diagrams—and the single gentleman, who suffered nothing to disturb or excite him, beyond his study. He loved to walk in the crowded streets of London, not like Lamb, enjoying the infinite varieties of many-colored life around him, but because he felt, amidst the noise and crowd, and glare, more intensely the imperturbable stillness of his own contemplations. His means of comfortable support were mainly supplied, by a shop in Skinner street, where, under the auspices of "M. J. Godwin & Co.," the prettiest and wisest books for children issued, which old-fashioned parents presented to their children, without suspecting that the graceful lessons of piety and goodness which charmed away the selfishness of infancy, were published and sometimes revised, and now and then written by a philosopher, whom they would scarcely venture to name! He met the exigencies which the vicissitudes of business sometimes caused, with the trading simplicity which marked his course—he asked his friends for aid without a scruple, considering that their means were justly the due of one who toiled in thought for their inward life, and had little time to provide for his own outward existence, and took their excuses when offered, without doubt or offence. The very next day after I had been honored and delighted with an introduction to him at Lamb's chambers, I was made still more content and happy by his appearance at my own on such an errand—which my poverty, not my will, rendered abortive. After some pleasant chat on indifferent matters, he carelessly observed that he had a little bill for £150 falling due on the morrow, which he had forgotten till that morning, and desired the loan of the necessary amount for a few weeks. At first, in eager hope of being able thus to oblige one whom I regarded with admiration akin to awe, I began to consider whether it was possible for me to raise such a sum; but, alas! a moment's reflection sufficed to convince me that the hope was in vain, and I was obliged, with much confusion, to assure my distinguished visitor how glad I should have been to serve him, but that I was only just starting as a special pleader, was obliged to write for magazines to help me on, and had not such a sun in the world. "Oh, dear," said the philosopher, "I thought you were a young gentleman of fortune—do not mention it! do not mention it! I shall do very well elsewhere," and then, in the most gracious manner, reverted to our former topics; and sat in my small room for half an hour, as if to convince me that my want of fortune made no difference in his esteem. A slender tribute to the literature he had loved and served so well, was accorded to him in the old age to which he attained, by the gift of a squire in the exchequer of about £200 a year, connected with the custody of the records; and the last time I saw him he was leaving an immense key to unlock the musty treasure of which he was guardian—low unlike those he had unlocked, with iron talismans, for the astonishment and alarm of one generation, and the delight of all others.—*Talfourd's Final Memorials of Charles Lamb.*

## How far the Provision of Food is due to the Labor of Man.

The number of human beings on the earth is calculated at nearly one thousand millions; all of these are fed from the produce of the ground; for even animal food is itself the produce of the ground. It is true that, for this result, man in general must labor; but, how small an actual portion of this immense productiveness is due to man! His labor ploughs the ground, and drops the seed into the furrows. From that moment, a higher agency supercedes him. The ground is in possession of influences which he can no more guide, summon, or restrain, than he can govern the ocean. The mighty alchemy of the atmosphere is at work; the rains are distilled, the gales sweep, the dews cling, the lightning darts its fertilizing fire into the soil, the frost purifies the fermenting vegetation—perhaps a thousand other agents are in movement, of which the secrets are still hidden from man; but the vividness of their force penetrates all things, and the extent of their action is only to be measured by the globe, while man stands by, and has only to see the naked and drenched soil clothing itself with the tender vegetation of spring, or the living gold of the harvest—the whole loveliness and bounty of Nature delighting his eye, soliciting his hand, and filling his heart with joy.—*Rev. Dr. Croly.*

## Danger of Heveries.

Do anything innocent rather than give yourself up to reverie. I can speak on this point from experience. A certain period of my life I was a dreamer, castle-builder.—Visions of the distant and future took the place of present duty and activity. I spent hours in reverie. I suppose I was seduced, in part, by physical debility. But the body suffered as much as the mind. I found, too, that the imagination threatened to inflame the passions, and that, if I meant to be virtuous, I must dismiss my musings. The conflict was a hard one. I resolved, prayed, resisted, sought refuge in occupation, and at length triumphed. I beg you to avail yourself of my experience.—*Memoir of Dr. Channing.*

## Bodily Infirmitie.

Bodily infirmities, like breaks in a wall have often become avenues through which the light of Heaven has entered the soul, and made the imprisoned image long for release.—*Dr. Watts.*

## Sonnets by John Keats.

FROM THE LIFE AND REMAINS OF JOHN KEATS.  
Oh! how I love on a fair summer's eve,  
When streams of light pour down the golden west,  
And on the balmy zephyrs tranquil rest  
The silver clouds, far—far away to leave  
All mien and manner, and take a sweet reprieve  
From little cares; to find, with easy quest,  
A fragrant wild, with nature's beauty drest,  
And there into delight my soul doth deest;  
There warm my breast with patriotic lore,  
Or fondly melt in melody—Sneydy's bliss—  
Till their stern forms before my mind arise,  
Perhaps on wings of poetry arise,  
Fall often propping a delicious rest,  
When some melodious sorrow spells mine eyes.

## The Sea.

It keeps eternal whisperings around  
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell  
Gluts twice the thousand caverns, till the spell  
Of Heave leaves them their old shadowy sound.  
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,  
That scarcely will the very smallest shell  
Be moved for days from where it sometime lay.

When last the winds of heaven were unbound,  
Oh! ye! who have your eyeballs veiled and tired,  
Fond them upon the wideness of the sea;  
Oh! ye! whose ears are dinned with uproar rude,  
Or fed to sleep with melody—Sneydy's bliss—  
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth and brood  
Until ye start, as if the sea-monsters quired!

## Superstition in Java.

The credulity and superstition of the Javans exceed belief. Dreams, omens, lucky and unlucky days, astrology, amulets, witchcraft, are with them matters of faith and reverence. They believe each bush and rock, even the air itself, to be inhabited by *Dhewos* or spirits. Not satisfied with the numerous varieties of supernatural beings with which their own traditions supply them, they have borrowed others from the Indians, Persians, and Arabs. The *Dhewos* are good spirits, and great respect is shown to them. They regulate the growth of trees, place the fruit, murmur in the running streams, and abide in the still shades of the forest. But their favorite dwelling is in a palace. The Javans mingle their superstitions with the common events of everyday life. Thieves, for instance, will throw a little earth, taken from a new-made grave, into the house they intend to rob, persuaded that the inmates will thereby be plunged into a deep sleep. When they have done this, and especially if they have managed to place the earth under the bed, they set to work with full conviction of impunity. Bamboo boxes of soil are frequently found in the possession of captured thieves, who usually confess the purpose for which they were to be applied. During the English occupation, it was casually discovered that a buffalo's skull was constantly carried backwards and forwards from one end of the island to the other. The Javans had got a notion that a frightful curse had been pronounced upon the man who should allow it to remain stationary. After the skull had traveled many hundred miles, it was brought to Samarang, and there the English resident had it thrown into the sea. The Javans looked on quietly, and held the curse to be neutralized by the white man's intervention. Dr. Selberg gives various other examples, observed by himself, of the ridiculous superstitions of these simple islanders. A very remarkable one is given in the works of Raffles and Crawford. In 1811, it was found out that a road had been made up to the lofty summit of the mountain of Sumbing. The road was twenty feet broad, and about sixty English miles in length, and a condition of its construction being that it should cross no water-course, it straggled in countless zigzags up the mountain side. This gigantic work, the result of the labors of a whole province, and of a people habitually and constitutionally averse to violent exertion, was finished before the government became aware of its commencement! Its origin was most absurd and trifling. An old woman gave out that she had dreamed a dream, and that a deity was about to alight upon the mountain top. A curse was to fall upon all who did not work at a road for his descent into the plain. Such boundless credulity as this is of course easily turned to account by mischievous persons, and has often been worked upon to incite the Javans to revolt. The history of the island even in modern times, abounds in insurrections, got up, for the most part, by men of little talent, but possessing sufficient cunning to turn the ineptitude of their countrymen to their own advantage.—*Blackwoods Magazine.*

## Result of Habit and Industry.

Bulwer worked his way to eminence—worked it through failure, through ridicule. His facility is only the result of practice and study. He wrote at first very slowly and with great difficulty; but he resolved to master his stubborn instrument of thought, and mastered it. He has practiced writing as an art, and has re-written some of his essays, (unpublished) nine or ten times over. Another habit will show the advantage of continuous application. He only works about three hours a day—from ten in the morning till one, seldom later. The evenings, when alone, are devoted to reading, scarcely ever to writing. Yet what an amount of good hard labor has resulted from these three hours! He writes very rapidly, averaging 20 pages a day of novel print.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

## Origin of the Beard.

Van Helmont tells us, that Adam was created without a beard, but that after he had fallen and sinned, because of the sinful propensities which he derived from the fruits of the forbidden tree, a beard was made part of his punishment and disgrace, bringing him thus into nearer resemblance with the beasts towards whom he had made his nature approximate. The same stigma was not inflicted upon Eve, because even in the fall she retained much of her former modesty, and therefore no such opprobrious mark. Van Helmont observes, also, that no good angel ever appears with a beard; and this, he says, is a capital sign by which angels may be distinguished.—*The Doctor.*

## The Language of Flowers.

The fair lily is an image of holy innocence; the purple rose a figure of heartfelt love; faith is represented to us in the blue passion-flower; hope beams forth from the evergreen, peace from the olive-branch, immortality from the immortal; the cares of life are represented by the rosemary; the victory of the spirit by the palm; modesty by the blue, fragrant violet; compassion by the ivy; tenderness by the myrtle; affectionate reminiscence by the forget-me-not; natural honesty and fidelity by the oak-leaves; unassumingness by the corn-flower, (the cy-nosure), and the auriculars, "how friendly they look upon us with their child-like eyes." Even the dispositions of the human soul are expressed by flowers. Still, silent grief is portrayed by the weeping-willow; sadness by the angelica; shuddering by the aspen; melancholy by the chryseide, desire of meeting again by the starwort; the night-smelling rocket is a figure of life, as it stands on the frontiers between light and darkness. Thus, nature, by these flowers, seems to betoken her loving sympathy with us; and whom hath she not often more consoled than heartless and voiceless men were able to do!

## Fortune.

Use worthily all that is called Fortune. Most men gamble with her, and gain all and lose all, as her wheel rolls. But do thou leave, as unlawful, these winnings, and deal with Cause and Effect, the chancellors of God. In the Will work and acquire, and thou shalt chained the wheel of Chance, and shalt always drag her after thee. A political victory, a rise of rents, the recovery of your sick, or the return of your absent friend, or some other quite external event, raises your spirits, and you think that good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it—it can never be so. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principle.—*Emerson.*

If you will be happy, correct your imagination by reason, reject opinion and live according to nature.

Men of the noblest dispositions think themselves happiest when others share with them in their happiness.

## Social Kindness.

How sweet is social affection! When the world is dark without, we have light within. When, cares disturb the breast—when sorrow broods around the heart—when joy gathers in the circle of love! We forget the world, with all its animosities, while least with social kindness. That man cannot be unhappy who has hearts that vibrate in sympathy with his own—who is cheered by the smiles of affection and the voice of tenderness. Let the world be dark, cold—let the hate and animosity of bad men gather about him in the place of business; but when he enters the ark of love, his own cherished circle—he forgets all these, and the cloud passes from his brow and the sorrow from his heart. The warm sympathies of wife and children dispel every shadow, and he feels a thrill of joy in his bosom which words are inadequate to express. He who is a stranger to the joys of social kindness, has not begun to live.

## Rafin and Emma.

A monument bearing the following inscription has been set up lately against the west end of Bowes Church, in Yorkshire, by a gentleman of the name of Dinale, to perpetuate the remembrance of a remarkable incident which occurred there many years ago.—"Roger Wrightson, jr., and Martha Railton, both of Bowes, buried in one grave: he died in a fever, and upon the tolling of his passing bell he cried out, 'my heart is broke,' and in a few hours expired, purely 'true love.' Such is the brief, touching record contained in the parish register of burials. It has been handed down by unvarying tradition that the grave was at the west end of the church, directly beneath the bells. The history of these true lovers forms the subject of Mallet's ballad, 'Edwin and Emma.'—*Darlington Times.*

## Cause of Waves.

The friction of the wind combines with the tide in agitating the surface of the ocean and, according to the theory of undulations, each produces its effect independently of the other. Wind, however, not only raises waves, but causes a transfer of superficial water also. Attraction between the particles of air and water, as well as the pressure of the atmosphere, brings its lower stratum into adhesive contact with the surface of the sea. If the motion of the wind be parallel to the surface, there will still be friction, but the water will be smooth as a mirror; but if it be inclined, in however small a degree, a ripple will appear. The friction raises a minute wave, whose elevation protects the water beyond it from the wind, which consequently impinges on the surface at a small angle; thus, each impulse combining with the other produces an undulation which continually advances.—*Mrs. Somerville's Physical Geog.*

## Evil Company.

Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day when he forbade her in company with her brother to visit the volatile Lucy, "dear father, you must think us very childish if you imagine we could be exposed to danger by it." The father took in silence a dead cool from the heart and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you my child take it." Eulalia did so and behold her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and as it changed, her white dress also. "We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia in vexation. "Yes, truly," said her father, "you see my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious."

## Cause of Dark Color of the Skin.

Darkness of complexion has been attributed to the sun's power, from the age of Solomon to this day.—"Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me;" and there cannot be a doubt, that to a certain degree, the opinion is well founded. The invisible rays in the solar beams, which change vegetable color, have been employed with such remarkable effect in the daguerrotype, act upon every substance upon which they fall, producing mysterious and wonderful changes in their molecular state, man not excepted.—*Mrs. Somerville.*

## The Dewdrops.

A child, one too wise and good for this world, saw on a summer's morning that the dewdrops did not lie and glitter upon the flowers, for the angry sun came in its might and dried them out, and they were seen no more. Soon a rainbow was seen in the clouds, and his father told him, "There are the dewdrops over which thou didst grieve, and they now shine in splendor in heaven, and no foot can crush them; and remember, my child, if thou vanishest soon from earth, it will be like shine in heaven."—*Richter.*

## The Late Weather.

"I have no coppers, my good man," said a gentleman, "but I'll remember you, one of these fine days." "Long life to you honor!" exclaimed the crossing-sweeper. "Sure enough, I'm eternally indebted to you." The gentleman was well pleased with this answer and he tried the same promise the next crossing he came to. "One of these fine days, mon!" repeated the crossing-sweeper, who happened to be a Scotchman. "Weel, I dinna mind, if you'll allow me interest."—*Punch.*

Doubtless the pleasure is as great  
In being cheated as to cheat;  
As looking on feet most delight  
That least perceive a juggler's sleight;  
And still the less they understand,  
The more they admire his sleight of hand.

## Sedaten.

Said the distinguished Chatham to his son, "I would have inscribed on the curtains of your bed and the walls of your chamber, 'If you do not rise early you can never set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself, or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and unenjoyed by yourself.'"

## Advice to the Married.

Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have, in that action, bound themselves to good humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections to the end of their lives.—*Addison.*

## Summer.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we would appear to be.—*Socrates.*

They that govern most, make least noise. You see when they row in a barge, they do that draggery work, slash, and puff, and sweat; but he that governs, sits quietly at the stern, and scarce is seen to stir.—*Selden.*

## Ode on Indolence.

[FROM THE LIFE, LETTERS AND LITERARY REMAINS OF JOHN KEATS, LATELY PUBLISHED.]

"They told me, neither do they say,"  
One morn before me were three figures seen,  
With bowed necks, and joined hands, side-faced;  
And one behind the other white robes wore,  
In placid sandals, and in steeple caps gleamed;  
They passed, like figures on a marble urn,  
When shifted round to see the other side;  
They came again; as when the sun once more  
Is shifted round, the first seen once more;  
And they were strange to me, as may be told  
With cases, to one deep in Phidian lore.  
How is it, Shadows! that I knew ye not?  
How came ye muffled in so such a mask?  
Was it a silent deep disguised plot?  
To steal away, and leave without a task  
My life-days? Ripe was the dreary hour;  
The blisful cloud of summer indolence  
Beum'd! my eyes; my pulse grew weak and low,  
Pain had no sting, and pleasure's wealth